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INTERNATIONAL CONCILIATION

SPECIAL BULLETIN

CONTEMPORARY WAR POEMS



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN ERSKINE

DECEMBER, 1914

American Association for International Conciliation
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THE poems of this collection have been chosen to illustrate the emotional attitudes of the United States toward the war, as those attitudes find expression in newspaper and magazine verse. At another time the literary merits of these pieces would invite judgment or comment; now, however, the suitability of war poems for the purpose of an anthology is a very minor question, and it is therefore not as a literary museum that these verses are offered, but as social documents, as evidence of the state of our civilization at this moment. Of course the emotional attitudes of a nation may unfortunately change from day to day, and it is quite possible that before these selections are in print they may have ceased to represent the national feeling, but at this moment at least we may read in them certain well-defined and common attitudes which are all the more significant since the individual poems were written in various circumstances, and come together here almost by accident.

The first observation the reader will make is that the glamor of war has not touched these poems; here are no stirring battle songs and no heroic ballads. Perhaps the newspaper correspondent and the newspaper photograph have made war too frightfully real for any but a horrified treatment; perhaps warfare has ceased for the moment at least to be an idea of any sort, alluring or otherwise, and has become, or has tended to become, for the public consciousness simply an ugly and stupefying fact. But however we explain it, the absence of glamor from these verses on the war is a new and interesting phenomenon. Even when war has been condemned in itself, poets have usually recognized the moral value of certain of its by-products, or have justified the battles fought in a good cause. Chivalry gave the modern gentleman the example and the name for his ideal behavior, as the Roman arms gave St. Paul an illustration of the Christian life; Wordsworth could portray the duties of conscientious bloodshed in his "Happy Warrior" without disturbing his own or his readers' equanimity; Tennyson could sing of that peculiarly militaristic obedience that does not discriminate between a useful and unequivocal command and a fatal and obvious error—he could even satisfy us that those

men are "noble" who discard reason and execute what they know is a blunder; and even yesterday, as it seems, William Vaughan Moody could imply in his beautiful and otherwise enlightened "Ode in Time of Hesitation" that a war is just, even morally alluring, if it rises from generous impulses and is made to serve some high end. Doubtless there are many to agree with the great poets in all these instances, but clearly the verse-writers who have been expressing the emotional judgments of the United States in the last few weeks do not agree with them. The battle passages in Wordsworth's poem, Tennyson's fine song, and Moody's eloquent peroration have suddenly become antiquated, and Christianity is invoked, not in the images of discipline and strategy, but in the figure of the widowed and the orphaned and the slain. There can be little question that if the United States were actually in the conflict this humane attitude would largely disappear, and the glamor of war would return upon much of our verse; yet never before has so general a condemnation of war been voiced even by a nation at peace.

Since this frame of mind prevails in these poems, it is not surprising that the "literary" manner is absent from them. Whatever else they are, these pieces are spontaneous and sincere; they impress the reader as vehicles of an urgent protest rather than as elaborations of a theme. No one would charge the writers with having used the war for "copy." Such abstinence may not be self-denial—it may not be a virtue at all; it is, however, unusual. War in the past has not only fitted out ethics and religion with a language of spiritual control and conflict, but it has also furnished the ballad-maker with incident. This war from the beginning has been rich in incident, and it broke out at a moment when narrative verse, after a long interval, was returning to popular favor. We might have expected, therefore, that such a collection as this would contain accounts of air- and sea-fights, of forced marches and exciting encounters, but the papers have been singularly barren of such material. One journal complained editorially that its office was deluged with verse on the war in general, but no poems were coming in which dealt with single events or aspects, and the editor pointed out that successful war-poems in the past have confined themselves to the stirring details of the conflict, instead of projecting a broad mental attitude. His testimony is significant. When we have become hardened to this war or have got further away from its horrors, we may begin to make literary use

of them, but at present, it seems, the poets and their readers think it a kind of sacrilege to convert any of this stupendous misery to the purposes of art.

It might have been expected also that feeling so anti-military would have directed itself against one or another of the warring governments, as against the supposed nurse and citadel of militarism. Yet the poems in our newspapers have in this respect shown remarkable poise; much more in fact than the editorials. To be sure, a few foreign-born Americans whose spirit at such a moment as this naturally resides in their fatherland, wherever their physical presence may be, have expressed a violent partisanship. To make this collection representative, examples of this kind of prejudice have been included. For the most part, however, it has been militarism rather than any one country or government that has roused the indignation expressed in these poems.

Is it fanciful to read in them a new emphasis on democracy? There have always been protests in American literature against the aristocratic conception of war, against the willingness to devote the common man to the salvation or the profit of a few, but the protests here gathered seem to contain surprise as well as indignation. Why surprise? We cannot suppose these writers are ignorant of the venerable antiquity of this selfishness, or of its prevalence in all aristocratic countries to-day. Carlyle summed the matter for us in a famous passage in "Sartor Resartus." Evidently the American poet to-day supposed that the old giant of feudalism had been withered up by modern humaneness, and his surprise comes from discovering his mistake. In his own intellectual background liberal ideas of the best sort have, it seems, been making during recent decades faster progress than he realized; the manner of his protest implies that the right of all men to live and enjoy life is everywhere beyond dispute, and that all life, whether in peasant or noble, is equally sacred. This implication, if we do not deceive ourselves in reading it throughout these poems, is probably their most American contribution and their chief significance. It is what makes them seem remarkably cosmopolitan. The bitterness against war here expressed is very remote from the interest an outsider would manifest; the makers of these verses write not as spectators of the disaster but as sharers in it. Sympathy so broad has been the mark of rare natures, but here it seems to be a public attitude.

Is it fanciful to discover also in certain of these poems an in-

dication of the new position that woman holds in society? War has always fallen heavily on the children and the mothers, and such poems as Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "The Messenger" have always been part of man's comment on the tragedy of battle. But in some of these poems the injustice that war does to womanhood is defined in a new way, with the implication that the tragedy might be avoided, and that women will no longer accept it as inevitable. So at least one may read the verses by Edith M. Thomas and those by Edna Valentine Trapwell. As in the rest of this collection the emphasis is upon the right of the common man to enjoy life, peace and safety, so in these fine poems the emphasis is upon woman's right to decide whether she will pay the penalty that war always exacts of her.

These are the attitudes that are most clearly discovered in these verses. As a whole the collection represents, so to speak, the nation's first impression of the war. It should have value as evidence of our instinctive reaction at a moment so searching.

JOHN ERSKINE.)

Columbia University.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or the shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or thru the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us, as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapt shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

Springfield, Illinois.

—*The Independent.*

THE NEW BEATITUDE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

In gay Brabant I have danced till the night turned rose,
All the health and the wealth of a Rubens before my eye.

In meadows which only the trampler of byways knows,
I have tasted the peace of earth neath a kind calm sky,
Glad of the Angelus, gladdened by love-looks shy
And the laughter of children and songs of men who mow.
All that I hear to-day is the harsh dull cry:

Blessed are they which died a year ago!

In Picardy plain through which all joyance flows
Like the tranquil Somme; and churches beautify
Every hamlet with noble shrines that spell repose;
And the simple peasant has never a thought to deny
A bed or a snack to the stranger wandering by,—
In gentle, smiling Picardy, all aglow

With poppies amid ripe wheat, I hear the sigh:

Blessed are they which died a year ago!

In Prussia the proud, whose boundaries enclose
Full many a fireside happy once to vie

In soft content with any home that owes
Its worth to toil and thrift, now gone awry;
Yea, in proud Prussia, not only those that fly
The Cossack, but women secure from death or blow,—
Do not their hearts confess (though lips may lie):

Blessed are they which died a year ago!

ENVOY

Lord Prince of Peace, who for men's sins didst die,
Let them not reap the whirlwind that they sow!

Twice-crucified, do not Thou too reply:

Blessed are they which died a year ago!

—The Bookman.

THE MAD WAR

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

Because one man, one man, was slain—
No more a man than you or I—
Must nations suffer murder's stain,
Millions be made to die?

They have no cruel wrong to right,
No wrong to rouse a righteous ire;
No noble cause for which to fight
With heart and soul on fire.

Austria's heir was killed by plan!
Ah, so is someone's hope each day:
Can vengeance give back life to man,
Though royal be his clay?

A ruler's death to punish? Then,
Punish the cowards and their tool;
But not a million guiltless men
With hungry homes to rule!

Attila and his wolfish Huns,—
We read of them as horror past:
That "Scourge of God" before our guns
Were less than trumpet-blast.

Ponder how Death now bares his teeth,
Waiting the certain holocaust;
The vanquished torn and crushed beneath
A conqueror half lost.

War . . . this red madness of an hour
Whelped from base fear by baser pride
Unbalanced by its lust for power?
The mailed fist defied!

One group of three who fraternise
To-day, though once close locked in hate,
To thwart another three must rise,
All blaming all on Fate.

Christians, they prate of "Triplices"
As if of pledges made to God.
What is the Trinity to these
Who trample life roughshod?

The civilised! The civilised!—
Smug irony of modern cant!
Culture so blind, self-idolised,
The East may well supplant.

And well may smile the pagan Mars
And grin the bloody Juggernaut:
Christendom rends its Saviour's scars
With weapons Judas-bought.

Harken, vain Europe— Nay, your ears
Can only hear your shout "To arms!"
Deaf to your women's pleading tears,
Your children's dazed alarms.

Yet could you hear, and heed the roar
Of sullen Asia, you would cease
Ruin's mad march, though cold before
Your flaunted Prince of Peace.

—*The Bookman.*

WAR

BY WITTER BYNNER

Fools, fools, fools,
Your blood is hot to-day.
It cools
When you are clay.
It joins the very clod
Wherein your foe shall be,—
Wherein you look at God,
Wherein at last you see
The living God,
The loving God,
Which was your enemy.

—*The Nation.*

A PRAYER

BY EDWARD S. VAN ZILE

God of my Fathers, grant me aid —
That I may rout my countless foes!
By Thee were guns and cannons made,
From Thee the joy of battle flows.

O God, who gave me might and power,
Thou knowest that my heart is pure.
Be with me in this awful hour,
That I and mine may still endure.

Thou art the God who loveth war,
And famine, rapine, blood and death;
I pray Thee stand beside me, for
Thou knowest what my spirit saith.

The soul of me is linked with Thine
To bid the blood of heroes flow,
The death we grant them is divine,
And in Thy name I bid them go.

God of my Fathers, still be kind
To them who raise Thy banner high,
While Thou and I together find
The surest way for them to die.

They do my bidding. God, look down
And bless the sword that I have drawn.
My blight shall fall on field and town,
And thousands shall not see the dawn.

To Thee, O God, I give all praise
That Thou hast made my hand so strong;
That now, as in my father's days,
The King and Thee can do no wrong.

—*The New York Sun.*

IF!

BY BARTHOLOMEW F. GRIFFEN

Suppose 'twere done!
The lanyard pulled on every shotted gun;
Into the wheeling death-clutch sent
Each millioned armament,
To grapple there
On land, on sea and under, and in air!
Suppose at last 'twere come—
Now, while each bourse and shop and mill is dumb,
And arsenals and dockyards hum—
Now all complete, supreme,
That vast, Satanic dream!

Each field were trampled, soaked,
Each stream dyed, choked,
Each leaguered city and blockaded port
Made famine's sport;
The empty wave
Made reeling dreadnought's grave;
Cathedral, castle, gallery, smoking fell
'Neath bomb and shell;
In deathlike trance
Lay industry, finance;
Two thousand years'
Bequest, achievement, saving, disappears
In blood and tears,
In widowed woe
That slum and palace equal know,
In civilization's suicide—
What served thereby, what satisfied?
For justice, freedom, right, what wrought?
Naught!

Save, after the great cataclysm, perhap
On the world's shaken map
New lines, more near or far,
Binding to king or czar;
In festering hate
Some newly vassalled state;
And passion, lust and pride, made satiate;
And just a trace
Of lingering smile on Satan's face!

—*The Boston Globe.*

THE VICTORY

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE

No martial music goes before,
No stirring bugles play,
As in the smoking wake of war
I take my somber way.
But where pale women wait and weep,
Where old men cringe in dread,
And little trusting children sleep,
I take my toll of dead.

Afar from fame's highways I seek,
Through farm and little town,
The frail, the innocent, the meek,
And swiftly strike them down.
They never know the battle's thrill
Nor watch the flag that waves
Its inspiration, ere they fill
Their unremembered graves.

They shall not wake a nation's pride
In years that are to be;
For war and fame march side by side,
But hunger walks with me.
I fill no glowing history's page
With thrilling hero lore;
Yet I have been, through every age,
The blackest curse of war.

—*Hearst's Magazine.*

THE MESSENGER

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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She rose up in the early dawn,
And white and silently she moved
About the house. Four men had gone
To battle for the land they loved,
And she, the mother and the wife,
Waited for tidings from the strife.
How still the house seemed! and her tread
Was like the footsteps of the dead.

The long day passed; the dark night came,
She had not seen a human face,
Some voice spoke suddenly her name.
How loud it echoed in that place,
Where, day on day, no sound was heard
But her own footsteps. "Bring you word,"
She cried to whom she could not see,
"Word from the battle-plain to me?"

A soldier entered at the door,
And stood within the dim firelight:
"I bring you tidings of the four,"
He said, "who left you for the fight."
"God bless you, friend," she cried, "speak on!
For I can bear it. One is gone?"
"Ay, one is gone," he said. "Which one?"
"Dear lady, he, your eldest son."

A deathly pallor shot across
Her withered face; she did not weep.
She said: "It is a grievous loss,
But God gives His beloved sleep.
What of the living—of the three?
And when can they come back to me?"
The soldier turned away his head:
"Lady, your husband, too, is dead."

She put her hand upon her brow;
A wild, sharp pain was in her eyes.
"My husband! Oh, God help me now!"
The soldier heard her shuddering sighs.

The task was harder than he thought.
"Your youngest son, dear madam, fought
Close at his father's side; both fell
Dead, by the bursting of a shell."

She moved her lips and seemed to moan.
Her face had paled to ashen gray:
"Then one is left me—one alone,"
She said, "of four who marched away.
Oh, overruling, All-wise God,
How can I pass beneath Thy rod!"
The soldier walked across the floor,
Paused at the window, at the door,

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek
And sought the mourner's side again.
"Once more, dear lady, I must speak:
Your last remaining son was slain
Just at the closing of the fight.
'Twas he who sent me here to-night."
"God knows," the man said afterward,
"The fight itself was not so hard."

—*The New York Evening Journal.*

THE SURVIVOR

BY DANA BURNET

Have ye heard the thunder down the wind?
Have ye seen the smoke against the sky?
*Nay, for my love goes from my arms
To march and die!*

Have ye seen the scarlet battle flags,
The distant lightnings of the sword?
*Nay, for my house hath lost its king,
My heart its lord!*

Have ye heard the splendid lifting song
The wind-blown pæan of the strife?
*Nay, for they sing of Death—and I
Am chained to life!*

—*The New York Evening Sun.*

WOMAN AND WAR

“SHOT. TELL HIS MOTHER”

BY W. E. P. FRENCH, Captain, U. S. Army

What have I done to you, Brothers,—War-Lord and Land-Lord and Priest,—

That my son should rot on the blood-smear'd earth where the raven and buzzard feast?

He was my baby, my man-child, that soldier with shell-torn breast,
Who was slain for your power and profit—aye, murdered at your behest,
I bore him, my boy and my manling, while the long months ebb'd away:
He was part of me, part of my body, which nourished him day by day.

He was mine when the birth-pang tore me, mine when he lay on my heart,

When the sweet mouth mumbled my bosom and the milk-teeth made it smart,

Babyhood, boyhood, and manhood, and a glad mother proud of her son—

See the carrion birds, too gorged to fly! Ah! Brothers, what have you done?

You prate of duty and honor, of a patriot's glorious death,
Of love of country, heroic deeds—nay, for shame's sake, spare your breath!

Pray, what have you done for your country? Whose was the blood that was shed

In the hellish warfare that served your ends? My boy was shot in your stead.

And for what were our children butchered, men makers of cruel law?
By the Christ, I am glad no woman made the Christless code of war!
Shirks and schemers, why don't you answer? Is the foul truth hard to tell?

Then a mother will tell it for you, of a deed that shames fiends in hell:—

Our boys were killed that some faction or scoundrel might win mad race

For goals of stained gold, shamed honors, and the sly self-seeker's place;
That money's hold on our country might be tightened and made more sure;

That the rich could inherit earth's fullness and their loot be quite secure;

That the world-mart be wider opened to the product mulct from toil;
That the labor and land of our neighbors should become your war-won
 spoil;

That the eyes of an outraged people might be turned from your graft
 and greed

In the misruled, plundered home-land by lure of war's ghastly deed;
And that priests of the warring nations could pray to the selfsame God
For His blessing on battle and murder and corpse-strewn, blood-soaked
 sod.

Oh, fools! if God were a woman, think you She would let kin slay
For gold-lust and craft of gamesters, or cripple that trade might pay?

This quarrel was not the fighters':—the cheated, red pawns in your
 game:—

You stay-at-homes garnered the plunder, but the pawns,—wounds,
 death, and "Fame"!

You paid them a beggarly pittance, your substitute prey-of-the-sword,
But, ye canny beasts of prey, they paid, in life and limb, for your hoard.
And, behold! you have other victims: a widow sobs by my side,
Who clasps to her breast a girl-child. Men, she was my slain son's
 bride!

I can smell the stench of the shambles, where the mangled bodies lie;
I can hear the moans of the wounded; I can see the brave lads die;
And across the heaped, red trenches and the tortured, bleeding rows
I cry out a mother's pity to all mothers of dear, dead "foes."
In love and a common sorrow, I weep with them o'er our dead,
And invoke my sister woman for a curse on each scheming head.

Nay, why should we mothers curse you? Lo! flesh of our flesh are ye;
But, by soul of Mary who bore the Christ man-murdered at Calvary,
Into our own shall the mothers come, and the glad day speed apace
When the law of peace shall be the law of the women that bear the race;
When a man shall stand by his mother, for the world-wide common
 good,
And not bring her tears and heart-break nor make mock of her mother-
 hood.

—*New York Times.*

A PRAYER OF THE PEOPLES

(*On the Day of the President's Call to Prayer*)

BY PERCY MACKAYE

God of us, who kill our kind!
Master of this blood-tracked Mind
Which from wolf and Caliban
Staggers toward the star of Man—
Now, on Thy cathedral stair,
God, we cry to Thee in prayer!

Where our stifled anguish bleeds
Strangling through Thine organ reeds,
Where our voiceless songs suspire
From the corpses in Thy choir—
Through Thy charred and shattered nave,
God, we cry on Thee to save!

Save us from our tribal gods!
From the racial powers, whose rods—
Wreathed with stinging serpents—stir
Odin and old Jupiter
From their ancient hells of hate
To invade Thy dawning state.

Save us from their curse of kings!
Free our souls' imaginings
From the feudal dreams of war;
Yea, God, let us nevermore
Make, with slaves' idolatry,
Kaiser, czar, or king of *Thee!*

We who, craven in our prayer,
Would lay off on Thee our care—
Lay instead on *us* Thy load;
On our minds Thy spirit's goad,
On our laggard wills Thy whips
And Thy passion on our lips!

Fill us with the reasoned faith
That the prophet lies who saith
All this web of destiny,
Torn and tangled, cannot be
Newly wove and redesigned
By the Godward human mind.

Teach us, so, no more to call
Guidance supernatural
To our help, but—heart and will—
Know ourselves responsible
For our world of wasted good
And our blinded brotherhood.

Lord, our God! to whom, from clay,
Blood and mire, Thy peoples pray—
Not from Thy cathedral's stair
Thou hearest:—Thou criest *through* our prayer;
For our prayer is but the gate:
We, who pray, ourselves are fate.

—*The New York Times.*

MEMORY AWAKES

BY ETHEL H. WOLFF

What care I for war, or who may lose!
Thank God that I am old, and these dim eyes
Long since wept dry. Fear, in her hideous guise,
No more can haunt my pillow till the long night flies,
Whispering her dreadful tale.

What is't to me that others' sons must go?
My share is paid in three mounds, side by side;
And I live on, who gladly would have died,
With naught to lose, whate'er may now betide—
Whether 'tis win or fail.

Women may lie with open eyes till the faint dawn
Thinking of lips that babble feebly to a darkening sky—
Gray hands that clutch a water flask long since run dry—
Of husband, lovers, sons—but not so I—
On dreamless seas I sail.

Prate not to me of war! I've had my fill
Of death and sacrifice and bitter tears;
Yon marching feet, and blaring music in my ears
But rend apart my graves, now green these many years—
Make Time Past drop its veil.

—*The New York Times.*

WE MOURN FOR PEACE

[For the Peace Parade, August 29]

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

“Who is this pacing sisterhood,
Moving in silent, broken mood,
Clad all in mourning weeds?
Are ye the celebrants of martial deeds—
The work of dauntless spirits lifted high
From many a red field where the brave for country die?”

No! We are not the celebrants of warlike deeds—
We mourn for World-Peace slain,
Hid in our hearts until she rise again!
We hate your fields of death,
Your brazen Mars that leads
Where men are reaped as grain!
Your “Glory” is to us but venomous breath!
A-near our hearts your “causes” do not lie—
Nor one, nor other, O ye warring States!

But we are they who hate your mutual hates;
And we are they whom ye shall ask in vain,
In home’s dear covert to remain—
Praying at home—yet serving still your needs,
Yielding to you our sons, our brothers and our mates—
We mourn for World-Peace slain—
We mourn—but oh, not that alone!
A heresy through all our ranks is blown:
The order old is changing—shall not come again;
No more shall tender cowardice restrain,
The “Call of Country” shall betray no more,
To trick our tears in bravery of a smile,
Gazing upon the glittering file
Of those that march away to war (so fain!)—
Of whom what remnant shall their fate restore?

We—celebrants of martial deeds?
Trading in precious lives more dear than are our own?
At last, O warring States, the soul-of-woman know—
We will not give our men, to serve your schemes,
Your cozzening plans, and your Imperial dreams!

And if ye seize them, we to slaughter too will go,
And in the breach ourselves will throw;
Upon us, too, the quiver of your hatreds rain!
We mourn the World-Peace slain!

—*The Evening Post.*

WHO PAYS?

BY EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

Drum and trumpet and banner, banner and trumpet and drum!
Tramp, tramp, through the city streets the new-listed armies come.
Song and laugh on the transports steaming under the stars,
Wet eyes star-blind of those behind who pay for the nations' wars—
(The women who pay and have paid, dear Lord, for immemorial wars.)

Cheers and shouts greet the headlines that tell of the battles won.
Who remembers the death-wrecked bodies motionless under the sun?
"Victory stood to our banners, only a handful lost—"
Only! We bore those bodies, and we know what bodies cost!
(Mothers and wives of the soldiers dead—who better can gauge the cost?)

Man is blinded by passion, by glory or gold or power.
Shall we not see more clearly when it comes to the woman's hour?
Before we loose hell's lightning that shall prove a cause through strife,
Shall we not weigh the price we pay when the payment's in human life?
(Dear Lord, we know by each birth-throe the value of human life.)

Counselors, kings, and rulers, ye take what ye cannot give.
Can ye say to the things in the trenches, "Be whole, rise up and live"?
Do ye know—who have killed your thousands by a word from a death-
tipped pen—
One little pang of the cost to those who breed you your fighting men?
(Who pays, dear Lord, for their bodies and souls but the mothers and
wives of men?)

—*The Outlook.*

DOUBT

BY PERCY MACKAYE

So thin, so frail the opalescent ice
Where yesterday, in lordly pageant, rose
The monumental nations—the repose
Of continents at peace! Realities
Solid as earth they seemed; yet in a trice
Their bastions crumbled in the surging flocks
Of unconceivable, inhuman woes,
Gulfed in a mad, unmeaning sacrifice.

We, who survive that world-quake, quail and start,
Searching our hidden souls with dark surmise:
So thin, so frail—is reason? Patient art—
Is it all a mockery, and love all lies?
Who sees the lurking Hun in childhood's eyes?
Is hell so near to every human heart?

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

DESTINY

BY PERCY MACKAYE

We are what we imagine, and our deeds
Are born of dreaming. Europe acts to-day
Epics that little children in their play
Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their creeds;
In barrack, court and school were sown those seeds,
Like Dragon's teeth, which ripen to affray
Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to slay,
And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.

Mock, then, no more at dreaming, lest our own
Create for us a like reality!
Let not imagination's soil be sown
With armed men but justice, so that we
May for a world of tyranny atone
And dream from that despair—democracy.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

RHEIMS

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Apollo mourns another Parthenon
In ruins!—Is the God of Love awake?
And we—must we behold the world's heart break
For peace and beauty ravished, and look on
Dispassionate?—Rheims' gloried fane is gone:
Not by a planet's rupture, nor the quake
Of subterranean titans, but to slake
The vengeance of a Goth Napoleon.

O Time, let not the anguish numb or pall
Of that remembrance! Let no callous heal
Our world-wound, till our kindled pities call
The parliament of nations, and repeal
The vows of war. Till then, pain keep us thrall!
More bitter than to battle—is to feel.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

IN MEMORIAM

NOTRE DAME DE RHEIMS, SEPTEMBER, 1914

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Men raised thee with loving hands;
Thy stones, more precious than gems,
They wrought for a Light to the Lands;
Now the Light of all Lands condemns
Hun and Vandal and Goth
Who serve the Lords of the Night,
Who have turned the coat of their troth
And darkened Our Lady of Light.

Men made thee beautiful, yea
Their hearts flowed out as they wrought;
Thou wast builded not for a day,
For an age thou wast builded not:
And they carved thy portals and towers
For peer and burgher and clown,
That the Book of Our Lady's Hours
Might endure tho' the sun burned down.

By the grace of thy ruined Rose,
By the sullied strength of thy Towers,
Thou shalt triumph, Lady! Thy foes
Shall cower as the hunted cowers.
Thou hast not fallen in vain—
Fallen? Thou canst not fall:
They shall crave thy pity in pain,
Who flung thee hate for a pall.

—*The New York Tribune.*

PEASANT AND KING

(What the peasants of Europe are thinking)

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

You who put faith in your banks and brigades,
Drank and ate largely, slept easy at night,
Hoarded your lyddite and polished the blades,
Let down upon us this blistering blight—
You who played grandly the easiest game,
Now can you shoulder the weight of the same?
Say, can *you* fight?

Here is the tragedy: losing or winning
Who profits a copper? Who garners the fruit?
From the bloodiest ending to futile beginning
Ours is the blood, and the sorrow to boot.
Muster your music, flutter your flags,
Ours are the hunger, the wounds, and the rags.
Say, can *you* shoot?

Down in the muck and despair of the trenches
Comes not the moment of bitterest need;
Over the sweat and the groans and the stench
There is a joy in the valorous deed—
But, lying wounded, what one forgets
You and your ribbons and d——d epaulettes—
Say, do *you* bleed?

This is *your* game: it was none of our choosing—
We are the pawns with whom you have played.
Yours is the winning and ours is the losing,
But, when the penalties have to be paid,
We who are left, and our womenfolk, too,
Rulers of Europe, will settle with you—
Are you afraid?

—*The Evening Post.*

WHO DIES IF ENGLAND LIVE?

BY MORRIS RYSKIND

LONDON, Sept. 3.—England, ready for a staggering blow on publication of the government casualty list, heaved a sigh of relief when it was found that so few of the noble families had been affected.—*The Mail*, Sept. 3.

Ten thousand Tommy Atkinses went forth into the fray;
Ten thousand stalwart Tommies who gave Death their lives for pay.
But still we sing, "God Save the King," and thank the Fates of War:
For Viscount What-the-Who's-This hasn't even got a scar.

Ten thousand Tommy Atkinses, courageous, clear-eyed, brave,
Went boldly into battle—and the battlefield's their grave.
Their souls God rest!—He knows what's best: Good news, bad news
shall match:
The Duke of What-You-Call-It hasn't even got a scratch.

Ten thousand Tommy Atkinses that faced the German hordes;
Ten thousand Tommy Atkinses cut down by guns and swords.
In peace they sleep.—Why do ye weep, ye girls they left behind?
Lord So-and-So is safe and sound.—The others,—never mind!
—*The Columbia Jester.*

THE PRICE

BY J. H. H.

A costly thing is a War Lord's word
When he bids his subjects draw the sword.

Here's part of the cost the Germans pay
For their Kaiser's plunge into bloody strife:
For a metal check they trade away
A vigorous German soldier's life.
Thousands and thousands of little tags
Have been garnered by British and French, they say,
To send to Berlin in gunny bags.
Dear God! what an awful price to pay;
And scarcely a month has flown away.

But this is only the partial cost,
Because in the tumult of the fray
Thousands and thousands of checks are lost,
And the lives they tally are thrown away;
For they fail to get even metal disks,
For those who bleeding and anguished stray,
For the souls they count in missing lists.
Great God! what an awful price to pay;
And scarcely a month has flown away.

Can the Kaiser bring them back again?
Can the War Lord still the tortured wail
Of wives and children for murdered men?
Oh! the shocked world shudders at the tale.
If 'twere only loss of yellow gold,
Or only lack of barter and sale,
Why, hearts might grieve, but they'd not grow cold.
Dear God! what an awful price to pay
Ere scarcely a month has flown away.

When the Kaiser bids them fight, they must;
They cannot, they dare not disobey.
But there'll be reckoning, since God is just,
For blood and iron have had their day;
And out of the wreck of war for greed
The German nation will be freed
From the heavy hand of the War Lord's breed.
But God! what an awful price to pay;
And scarcely a month has flown away.

A costly thing is a War Lord's word
When he bids his subjects draw the sword.

NOTE.—Each German soldier wears an identification check. The newspapers of September 7 reported that 62,000 of these checks had been gathered by the Allies to be sent to Berlin.

—*The New York Times.*

FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE
(*An Answer*)

BY HENRY B. SALISBURY

“For all we have and are,”
“For all our children’s fate,”
Stand and denounce the war
Of horrid, hellish hate.
Let empires pass away
And kingdoms be o’erthrown.
For deeds ye’ve done to-day
Shall thrones and crowns atone?

“Though all we know depart,”
“The old commandments stand.”
“Thou shalt not kill.” Ye start?
“Thou shalt not steal” the land.

Though emperors give the word
To drench with blood the world,
There’s a law above the sword
By mightier power unfurled.
“Love thou thy neighbor as thyself.”
Heard ye that King’s command?
Go! Royal lords of pelf,
Go! Hide your bloody hand.

Though kingly robes ye wear
(Your brother’s keeper still.)
The mark of Cain ye bear;
Hark ye: “Thou shalt not kill.”
The hand upon the wall
Has written out your fate.
“Begone.” Ye rulers all,
Feel ye the millstone’s weight.

The people to their own
Shall come when ye are gone.
Your exit shall atone.
(Ye were better never born.)
The brotherhood of man
From war’s ruin shall rise,
War shall all nations ban
As your regal power dies.

“Though all we know depart,”
“The old commandments stand.”
“Thou shalt not kill.” Ye start?
“Thou shalt not steal” the land.

—*The New York Globe.*

TO EUROPE

BY GEORGE STERLING

I

Beat back thy forfeit plowshares into swords.
It is not yet the far, seraphic Dream
Of peace made beautiful and love supreme.
For now the strong, unwearable chords
Of battle shake to thunder, and the hordes
Advance, where now the circling vultures scream.
The standards gather and the trumpets gleam;
Down the long hillside stare the mounted lords.

Now far beyond the tumult and the hate
The white-clad nurses and the surgeons wait
The backward currents of tormented life,
When on the waiting silences shall come
The screams of men, and, ere those lips are dumb,
The searching probe, the ligature and knife.

II

Was it for such, the brutehood and the pain,
Civilization gave her holy fire
Unto thy guardianship, and the snowy spire
Of her august and most exalted fane?
Are these the harvests of her ancient rain
Men glean at evening in the scarlet mire,
Or where the mountain smokes, a dreadful pyre,
Or where the war-ship drags a bloody stain?

Are these thy votive lilies and their dews,
That now the outraged stars look down to see?
Behold them, where the cold prophetic damps
Congeal on youthful brows so soon to lose
Their dream of sacrifice to thee—to thee,
Harlot to Murder in a thousand camps!

III

Was it for this that loving men and true
Have labored in the darkness and the light
To rear the solemn temple of the Right
On Reason's deep foundations, bared anew
Long after the Cæsarian eagles flew
And Rome's last thunder died upon the Night?
Cuirassed, the cannon menace from the height;
Armored, the new-born eagles take the blue.

Wait not thy lords the avenging certain knell—
One with the captains and abhorrent fames
The echoes of whose conquests died in Hell?—
They that have loosened the ensanguined flood
And whose malign and execrable names
The Angel of the Record writes in blood.

—*The New York World.*

THE VULTURE

BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

I

With bleeding wings and shame-enveiled eyes.
How like a stricken eagle flies
The soul of mankind now!
War, the great vulture, hunts her from the skies;
His raucous voice mocks at her high desire;
His grim, embattled wings forbid her goal.
O thou world-soul,
How long shall thy dark foe besmirch thee with his mire?

II

Blame not too far the Hohenzollern pride;
Trace not the curse alone to Emperor or Czar;
Yield sorrowful applause
To Belgic valor, Gaul's defensive cause,
Or England's loyalty to treaties and to laws;
Yet shall no man escape the essential shame,
Nor any of earth's nations, whatsoever its name,
To what avail, paternity denied,
Since misbegotten War
Is the foul offspring of a sire world-wide?

III

Oh, grim account soon to be rendered—
Illimitable columns of lost life—
When vulture War, whom mankind hath engendered,
With sated gorge flies from the fields of strife!
Then
Shall we, with searching vision of brave men,
To its far roots far-reaching evil trace,
And bear our share in a whole world's disgrace;
Or, quibbling like mean merchants, face the score,
Crying, "The crafty Slav hath caused this war!"
Or "Sordid Anglo-Saxon!" or "Nay,
The too-ambitious Teuton—let *him* pay!"

IV

Immediate causes are for shallow minds:
He hath small sight who uses but his eyes.
If the world-soul sails forth on high emprise,
Her care is not alone the contravening winds
Of autocratic wills,
Or venomous shafts of ancient racial passions.
These shall be transient ills—
The forms ridiculous of barbaric fashions—
When once the universal voice of man
Proclaims in tones that God shall hear afar:
"In the great future's perfect plan
There is no place for war!"

V

Let tiger 'gainst fierce tiger fight in lust,
While the dark jungle trembles with the fray;
Deep crimsoning with blood the gray Saharan dust,
Let lions dispute their prey.
How long, O Soul of Man, shall men be such as they?
How long, how long,
Redress of evil seek through means of greatest wrong?
How long shall Christian nations hurl in air
The final blasphemy of the battle-prayer?
Oh, when shall cease
This gibe, this cruel gibe, against their Prince of Peace?

VI

Backward move all marching feet,
And downward strikes each mailed hand.
The cry to arms confesses man's defeat
In whatsoever land.

Poor little human minds
That seek in armaments their strength or their disguise;
The trumpet blares how we are weakly wise,
The bugle blows our justice to the winds.

VII

Today
In black humiliation stand we all,
Seeing, how like a house of cards,
Similitudes, with no essential stay,
Shards, useless shards,
Civilization's boasted structures fall.
Not force, but wisdom, be our shield,
And our sword justice, man's divinest power!
For when these twain, that make us more than beast,
Sway all the earth, war shall have ceased.
And it may be that this disgraceful hour
Will from its shadows still the sunlight yield—
The sunlight of high peace, which man's rebirth shall see.
His soul from the great vulture, War, set free, O God, set free!
—*The New York Times.*

THE VINTAGE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Rumors of ravaging war perturb the mind,
Ruffling the channels of our wonted ease;
Within the sky we read red auguries,
And hear grim portents shivering down the wind.
Not as aforesaid do we fondly find
Orchestral notes or lulling harmonies
In the long plunge and murmur of the seas,
But discords horrent unto all mankind!

The fields of France are bright with poppy flowers;
Along the terraced vineyards by the Rhine
The ripening grapes are crimsoning for the wine;
Beneath the sun what fairer sight to see!
But ere the march of many hastening hours,
What will the bloom, what will the vintage be?
—*The Sun.*

THE RECKONING

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

What do they reckon who sit aloof on thrones,
Or in the chambered chancelleries apart,
Playing the game of state with subtle art,
If so be they may win, what wretched groans
Rise from red fields, what unrecorded bones
Bleach within shallow graves, what bitter smart
Pierces the widowed or the orphaned heart—
The unhooded horror for which naught atones!

A word, a pen stroke, and this might not be!
But vengeance, power lust, festering jealousy,
Triumph, and grim carnage stalks abroad.
Hark! Hear that ominous bugle on the wind!
And they who might have stayed it, shall they find
No reckoning within the courts of God?

—*The Sun.*

THE WAR OF KINGS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

From dawn to dusk reign horror and affright,
And the sad night no healing respite brings;
In all its hideous panoply of might,
This is the war of kings!

The people are but pawns upon the board;
What of their wants, their woes, their sufferings?
Speak, Death, dark watcher both by field and ford,
In this grim war of kings!

Will history still repeat the sanguine past,
With all its trail of ruthless anguishings?
Oh, may this slaughter-carnival be the last—
The last dread war of kings!

—*The Outlook.*

AMERICA

BY CONRAD AIKEN

We lay and smiled, to see our sky
So blue, so luminous with sun;
Lo, far off, wailed an ominous cry;
We heard a thunder of footsteps run

Under a darkness settling there,
Some huge and sinister wing's eclipse;
Smoke fouled the east; a baleful glare
Lightened beneath; and maddened lips

Took up that cry, while darkness stirred
And heaved, and like a wounded thing
Bled, by the utterance of one word
Which bade a myriad war-swords sing.

What murderous shadow troubled so
Our summer dream? . . . The sunlight ceased.
A sick and fetid wind came slow
From the stale tenements of the east.

Brother to slay his brother rose,
The shambles fell, and from that gloom
Came the hoarse herded cry of those
Who blindly massed to fight for room.

Room! Give us air! A breathing space!
The sunlight and the land for all!
Each lifted up a stifled face,
And battered door, and beat at wall,

And surged against resurgent horde
For space to sow his little seed.
Lo, they would plow the earth with sword,
Strew dead on earth that earth might feed.

And we—where now our summer bliss?
From the stale tenements of the east
Stole fear lest we should come to this,
And prove us brother to the beast.

—*The Outlook.*

WAR AND DEATH

BY HELEN COALE GREW

Two figures out of the gloom of despair on man's vision broke;
And one, colossal, brute-visaged, vengeful, and pitiless, spoke—

“I am War! And behold in the courts of the gods none is greater than I!
Earth quivers and reels at my gauntlet's touch, and the dome of the sky
Is shattered and torn by my trumpet's blare and the flash of my sword;
And man at my coming is fearful and fain of the help of the Lord.
Yea, black is the doom that I spread on the world, and the ruin is wide.
Man may pray himself dumb! Can he slay me in fear who begot me in
pride?”

But he, the other, benignant, pitying, quiet of breath,
Smiled, “You shall know me and fear me not. I am but Death!”
—*The Outlook.*

PEACE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Who are the ghosts in flight
Where siege guns spat their rage upon the night?
What shapes are those that shiver in the moon
About the towers and banners of Verdun?
And what those cries at night on hill and tarn
Down the long ruined Valley of the Marne?
They are the ghosts that cannot rest, that cry
Because there was no need to die.

And look, on the north still runs a line of fire
Where armies struggle in the battle-mire!
And yonder, see the crimson battle-rain
Upon the height of Aisne!
And farther still upon the cliffs of Oise
That streaming banners and the loud huzzahs,
And far upon the east the marching masses
Are pouring thru the wild Carpathian passes;
And the bright quiet flood
Of Vistula is red with brother's blood.

Peace, peace, O men, for ye are brothers all—
Ye in the trench and on the shattered wall.
Do ye not know ye came
Out of one Love and wear one sacred name?

Let there be no more battles; earth is old
With sorrows; let the weary banners fold.
And the grim cannons spewing death on men,
They, too, are weary and would sleep again.
And they have drunk enough, the battle blades—
Enough, God knows, are laid asleep with spades.
Yes, there are ghosts enough hurled on ahead,
Choking the shadowy passes of the dead.

Peace, brothers; let the music of the loom
Help us a little to forget the doom.
Yes, let the busy whisper of the wheel
And the bright furrow of the happy keel,
Help to forget the rage of sword and flame,
And wrongs that are too terrible for name.
And let the grasses hurry to the graves
To cover them with ripple of green waves;
And where the fields ran reddest in wild hours,
Let Mercy hide them with a foam of flowers.

O brothers, lift a cry, a long world-cry
Sounding from sky to sky—
The cry of one great word,
Peace, peace, the world-will clamoring to be heard—
A cry to break the ancient battle-ban,
To end it in the sacred name of Man!

—*The New York American.*

STAIN NOT THE SKY

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Ye gods of battle, lords of fear,
Who work your iron will as well
As once ye did with sword and spear,
With rifled gun and rending shell,—
Masters of sea and land, forbear
The fierce invasion of the inviolate air!

With patient daring man hath wrought
A hundred years for power to fly,
And shall we make his winged thought
A hovering horror in the sky,
Where flocks of human eagles sail,
Dropping their bolts of death on hill and dale?

Ah no, the sunset is too pure,
The dawn too fair, the noon too bright,
For wings of terror to obscure
Their beauty, and betray the night
That keeps for man, above his wars,
The tranquil vision of untroubled stars.

Pass on, pass on, ye lords of fear!
Your footsteps in the sea are red,
And black on earth your paths appear
With ruined homes and heaps of dead.
Pass on, and end your transient reign,
And leave the blue of heaven without a stain.

The wrong ye wrought will fall to dust,
The right ye shielded will abide;
The world at last will learn to trust
In law to guard, and love to guide;
The Peace of God that answers prayer
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air.

The Hague, Netherlands.

—*The Independent.*

TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Builed of Love and Joy and Faith and Hope,
Thou standest firm beyond the tides of war
That dash in gloom and fear and tempest-roar,
Beacon of Europe!—tho wise pilots grope
Where trusted lights are lost; tho the dread scope
Of storm is wider, deadlier than before;
Ay, tho the very floods that strew the shore
Seem to obey some power turned misanthrope.

For thou art witness to a world's desire,
And when—oh, happiest of days!—shall cease
The throes by which our Age doth bring to birth
The fairest of her daughters, heavenly Peace,
When Man's red folly has been purged in fire,
Thou shalt be Capitol of all the Earth.

—*The Independent.*

A VOICE FROM THE BATTLEFIELD

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

To look upon the fool that once was I—
That gory thing with face half red, half white,
I can but smile; it seems so droll—the sight
Of those glazed eyes—one staring at the sky!
And now that all is clear I wonder why
I could not see until that last mad fight—
When I awoke in His eternal light—
How blind is he who marches forth to die

For some vain monarch seated on a throne!
If those brave soldiers there could only see
As I see now who draw no mortal breath,
No more the lifted sword, the crash and groan,
The thunder of the red artillery—
That awful, flaming orchestra of Death!

—*The San Francisco Bulletin.*

A CHANT OF HATE AGAINST ENGLAND

BY ERNST LISSAUER, in Jugend

Rendered into English verse by Barbara Henderson

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;
We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges-gate,
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come let us stand at the Judgment place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.
Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—

ENGLAND!

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet-hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—

ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming Peace will seal.
You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—

ENGLAND!

—*The New York Times.*

ANSWERING THE "HASSGESANG"

BY BEATRICE M. BARRY

French and Russian, they matter not,
For England only your wrath is hot;
But little Belgium is so small
You never mentioned her at all—
Or did her graveyards, yawning deep,
Whisper that silence was discreet?

For Belgium is waste! Ay, Belgium is waste!
She welters in the blood of her sons,
And the ruins that fill the little place
Speak of the vengeance of the Huns.
"Come, let us stand at the Judgment place,"
German and Belgian, face to face.
What can you say? What can you do?
What will history say of you?
For even the Hun can only say
That little Belgium lay in his way.

Is there no reckoning you must pay?
What of the Justice of that "Day"?
Belgium one voice—Belgium one cry
Shrieking her wrongs, inflicted by
GERMANY!

In her ruined homesteads, her trampled fields,
You have taken your toll, you have set your seal;
Her women are homeless, her men are dead,
Her children pitifully cry for bread;
Perchance they will drink with you—"To the Day!"
Let each man construe it as he may.
What shall it be?
They, too, have but one enemy;
Whose work is this?
Belgium has but one word to hiss—
GERMANY!

Take you the pick of your fighting men
Trained in all warlike arts, and then
Make of them all a human wedge
To break and shatter your sacred pledge;
You may fling your treaty lightly by,
But that "scrap of paper" will never die!
It will go down to posterity,
It will survive in eternity.
Truly you hate with a lasting hate;
Think you you will escape that hate?
"Hate by water and hate by land;
Hate of the head and hate of the hand."
Black and bitter and bad as sin,
Take you care lest it hem you in,
Lest the hate you boast of be yours alone,
And curses, like chickens, find roost at home
IN GERMANY!

—*The New York Times.*

ANOTHER CHANT OF HATE

BY ROSALIE M. MOYNAHAN

French and Russian, they matter not,
Some wrong remembered, some good forgot;

England stands at the Bar alone,
Nemesis rises to claim her own.
Ireland or Belgium—dare you say
Whose wrongs cry loudest this Judgment Day,
ENGLAND?

For not in a sudden, swift campaign,
The World as Mourner, was Ireland slain;
No soldier's steel plunged straight to her heart—
The sword *you* wield has a finer art.
Deep in the darkness of your hold
You forged it with hate, you weighed it with gold;
You drew it with lust,
You swung it with sin,
Sure and stealthy you thrust it in,
And never have plucked it out again,
ENGLAND!

You cry aloud through the printed page
"For Liberty, Honor, the fight I wage!"
Australia, Canada, governed well?
Aye! *They* are distant, might rebel.
Ireland, helpless under your heel,
Proof of the value those words conceal!
You have wrenched their Celtic tongue away,
But their hate cries out in *your* tongue today,
And casts your treacherous past in the way,
ENGLAND!

Yet why the past do we judge you by?
Stricken Belgium must deny,
But we aloud to the world can cry:
"You pledged your Power to be her shield,
You pledged her the millions your conquests yield;
What help can now the wrong atone?
You pledged your honor—*She* fought alone,
ENGLAND!"

They have stood at the Judgment-Place,
The Saints, the Heroes of our race.
Through the long Night of the Tyrant's sin
Ireland has trusted her Cause to Him.
"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,"
And God fulfills His Word today
Through *GERMANY!*

MOTHERHOOD'S CHANT

BY McLANDBURGH WILSON

French or Russian, they matter not,
German or English, as one begot.
We bore them all and we bore them well,
We went for them to the gates of hell,
We are the makers of flesh and bone,
We have one foe, one hate alone—
WAR!

He is known to you all, he has called to you all,
He crouches behind each boundary wall,
He rides on the waves of a crimson flood,
He rides on the tides of our children's blood,
He lies of glory and sacrifice,
Of honor and fame and pomp he lies—
WAR!

Come, let us stand in the Judgment Place
And take an oath for the human race,
An oath our daughters, and theirs, shall take,
An oath no trumpet or drum can shake.
We hate no sinner, we hate the sin,
Not those who lose, not those who win.
We, the makers of flesh and bone,
We have one foe, one hate alone—
WAR!

You take the folk of our pain to slay,
That gold nor steel can ever repay.
You shall we hate with a lasting hate.
We will never forego our hate—
Hate of the heart and hate of the womb,
Hate of the cradle and hate of the tomb.
And you shall answer and make reply,
For we are partners of God on high.
What will you say before that Throne
To Us, the makers of flesh and bone,
WAR?

—*The New York Times.*

MARS, COMEDIAN

War, an international dementia alleged to insure the survival of the fittest, should be assiduously encouraged by all unfit members of society. The man with narrow chest and withered hand struggles under a decided handicap in the piping times of peace. He commonly sees the rich, witty and pulchritudinous female of the species carried off into "happiness ever after" by strapping fellows against whom he has no chance whatever in the sex arena. All this is changed, however, with the declaration of war, and the arrival of the recruiting officer. Apollo Belvedere is the favorite fodder of the machine gun. Shrapnel screams with joy as it increases an athlete's chest expansion from seven inches to thirty feet. What matters it if ten thousand mothers weep and wail and gnash their teeth over the details of victory. Who taught their handsome sons to love war? These are but the tears of shameless recantation. Let them turn for comfort to little Oscar whose dry cough kept him out of the army; to Minnie and Hal at the State Home for the Feeble-Minded. Let the unfit dead bury themselves. These that survive are the fittest.—*Life*.

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